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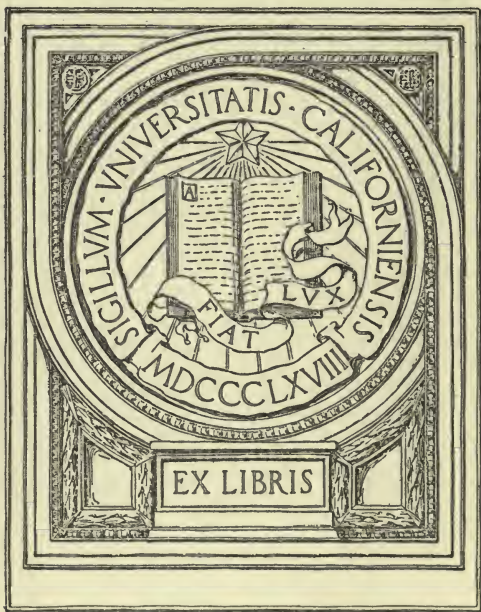
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HARP OF THE HEART

A. S. BHANDARKAR

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HARP OF THE HEART

BY

A. S. BHANDARKAR



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PREFACE

I have called my book *The Harp of the Heart* as all my poems are attempts at expression of the music felt within, music that in its last analysis is beauty, love and truth. Some of them probably to many of my readers, would savour of vague mysticism, or overwrought emotion; but I hope, there may be at least a few who will connive at or excuse those characteristics because they have felt as I have felt, and know how hard it is to do justice by means of words, to fancies and feelings that are not of this world. To such I offer these strains for appreciation.

A. S. B.



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HARP OF THE HEART

Harp of the Heart

ASK

Ask yon moon what made her pale,
What pain so deep to make her wane
Hath wrapt her in this gloomy veil;
Ask, ask that moon.

Ask the breeze what made it sigh,
In blossom-fragrance mild to faint,
Then linger, softly moan, and die;
Ask, ask this breeze.

Ask this rose what made her weep,
In tears of liquid dew and bleed.
What made it tremble, fade in sleep;
Ask, ask the rose.

Ask this harp what made it wail,
In strains of sadness burst its soul,
What made it thrill, then melt, then fail;
Ask, ask this harp.

Ask, ask mine heart what made it fly,
Beyond the spans of space and time,
Impressing nature; ask it why,
Ask, ask this heart.

Harp of the Heart

A SUNSET DAY

Oh Rose of Sunset
Sing a song to me,
A song that ever, ever was,
And never again shall be
While the sapphire-silked Night
Comes dancing with her crown of light
With her everlasting lilies
Wreathing radiant melodies.

Oh, Rose of Sunset,
Sing a song to me,
A song that ever, ever was,
And ne'er again shall be,
Till the Night gets tired of dancing,
Drunk with harmony entrancing
Faints and falls within thy arms,
And thou burn an Orient psalm.

GIVE ME BACK MY TEARS

Give me back my infant tears,
Ah, give them back to me!
The tears I shed when I saw the sun
Sink slowly in the sea;
Ah, give those back to me!

Give me back my holy tears,
Ah give them back to me!
The tears I wept when the orphaned child
Soothed its mother, grieving wild,
Slow climbing on her knee,
Ah, give them back to me!

Harp of the Heart

Give me back my humble tears,
Ah, give them back to me!
The tears I dropped when I saw my kind
Grow ever more in lust and blind,
And chain its spirit free;
Ah, give them back to me.

Give this frail world back its Soul,
Ah, give us tears to keep,
As pearls like dew-drops pure from heaven
Or eyes of light that shine at even,
Thy true love endless deep;
Ah, give us back our soul!

Ah give me back a heart that feels
Or melts in tender tears.
I draw a restless, tainted breath,
Can mourn not what endears.
Ah, give me back a heart that bleeds
Or else the peace of death.

ECHO: WHERE!

Aspire and fly; hence higher, higher soar,
Annihilate all space, undo all time,
Beyond all bounds, eternity's still chime
Where hushed for aye infinity's mute roar;
Forget; till life is death unto the core;
Away to some oblivion's listless clime,
Vast deep where sinks this world a mote of crime
Where one is all, all's naught and this no more.

Harp of the Heart

Wild words are weak; swoons, tears of blood are
vain;

E'en silence mars the spirit's frenzied strain,
The soul of love's soft trance, of beauty's calm,
A lull of void; a sleep of blissful pain. . . .
Yon sun a hymn of peace, yon moon a psalm,
Melodious stars waft mystic dreams of balm!

THE ROSE-LOVER

I wake at peep of smiling Dawn
And leave the sweet soft-tranced Rose
In dew's impearled; in langour flows
Her incensed wavy silkiness,
As relics from night's wild caress;
I wake and sing to hail the morn!
I am a bee, a poet born.

I float and sing on streams of gold.
The Sun in lavish splendor throws,
My strains go ringing and disclose
Translucent treasures of the world
That lie in thought's dark shadows furled,
Veiled petals of the void unfold;
I burn with rapture deep untold.

I sing for her and kiss the Rose,
I feed on music of her limbs,
And winging fling melodious hymns
That swing the rainbow gates of Heaven
And sadden all the stars of Even,
Within mine eyes her lustre glows
While mad with Love my longing grows.

Harp of the Heart

I sing till chants ethereal roll
From angels' flutes, the moon release,
And lull my fiery veins: I cease. . . .
I fly to Rose's arms for Peace
With balm my weariness to ease,
I drink the nectar of her soul,
Love's richest wine and feel the whole.

BUTTERFLIES

Butterflies flutter in breezy air
Butterflies glitter on swinging flowers
Twinkling sparks of rainbows rare
Dance and shiver in sparkling showers.

Glowing gems of golden day
Rustling melodies of streams
Glimmering lightly flicker away
Poet's gossamery dreams.

Nymphs and fairies these that wing
Gay in gorgeous silken dyes
To crown their queen, the queen of Spring
Quiver and dance quick butterflies.

A SUNSET SPARK

Gold glimmers on the mountains;
Gold glitters in the skies;
Gold glistens in the fountains
And flashes through my soul.

Music floods the leafy grove
Music floats on streams
Music flows from stars above
And vibrates through my soul.

THE MAD SONG

From the one the many springs
And the many lives in one,
One melodious impulse swings
Worlds in chains of change undone.
Rest, motion, all are one and whole
And mingle, mingle in the soul.

Silver pearls of tinkling rills,
Floral stars in choral dance,
Mellow songs from breezy hills,
Lull fair nature in a trance;
Melt, melt in music all my soul
And mingle, mingle with the whole.

Golden liquid of the sun
Soft azure of silken skies
Through refulgent crystals run
Blend in bright auroral dyes.
Sink, sink in beauty all my soul,
And mingle, mingle with the whole.

Virtue's pure etherial balm
Love's sweet rosy dreams divine,
Prayer's ecstatic holy calm
In one endless glory shine.
Fill, fill with light, with life my soul
And mingle, mingle with the whole.

From the one the many springs
And the many lives in one.
One melodious impulse swings
Worlds in chains of change undone.
Sense, essence, all are one whole
And mingle, mingle in the soul.

A SONG OF LOVE

Black is the sooty, clouded night,
Black the noon-day singing bee,
But blacker far thy wavy locks
That dance in wanton ringlets free.
Red is the all-consuming fire,
Red, the rose upon the thorn,
But redder far thy coral lips
That shame the blushes of the morn.

White is the milky, floating cloud,
White the taintless winter snow,
But whiter far those beaming smiles,
Thy beauteous face that overflow.
Soft is the fall of dewes at eve,
Soft the silken mosses green;
But softer far thy balmy touch,
Ne'er virgin birds so soft have been.

Bright is the sun that lights the world,
Bright the silver twinkling star,
But brighter far those eyes of thine
That burn the captive's heart from far.
Sweet is the love's surrendering "yes."
Sweet the dying anthem's fall,
But sweeter far thy honeyed breath
Whose dulcet flow enchaineth all.

THE MUSIC LOVER

I love thee not for clustering curls,
Nay, not for kisses, nectar-sips;
I love thee for the music's flow
That melts to roses on thy lips.

Harp of the Heart

I love thee not for charming smiles,
Nay, not for sweet entrancing sighs;
I love thee for the music's flow
That soars to radiance in thine eyes.

I love thee not for sylphic gait,
Nay, nor for soft angelic grace;
I love thee for the music's flow
That drowns in beauty all thy face.

I love His heavenly light serene
That beams thy rhythmic limbs along;
I love His sacred glory calm
That makes of thee an hallowed song.

DAY AND NIGHT

The day came out in all his light
Offered a bowl of trees and flowers,
With rivulets, hills, meadows, fountains,
A paradise of princely bowers
And decked him in his golden crown,
The poet poured his soul in song
That wafted whirling earth along.

The night came out in all her calm
Offered a sapphire plate of gems,
With rubies, pearls, emeralds, diamonds,
A dazzling wreath of diadems,
And decked him in her silver crown.
The poet poured in song his soul
That wrapt the skies and made them roll.

THE DEATH OF THE YEAR

The setting sun shall rise again,
The moon shall wax, the moon shall wane;
But thou, old year, shall'st never wake
When once by ruthless time art slain.

To kill the old, to make the new
Was ever nature's aim in view.
Ere blossomed fresh the hoary tree,
Away the red-worn leaves she blew.

Thy hour is nigh, thou must not wait,
Old year, thou must submit to fate,
The whole creation's final day
Shall dawn to die itself, though late.

The hour is past; the year is dead,
Beyond the sunset regions fled,
No more to rise, no more to wake,—
But shall his memory ever fade!

KLYTAE

Vain efforts mine: alas, I ne'er could paint
In shades e'en vague, bright visions of mine heart.
I writhe beneath this Beauty's rankling smart
To steal from far one strain of music faint
That sways the soul of bliss-enraptured saint,
How weak for Truth this mediating art!
O'erflow my spirit unchecked or else depart
And still for aye this burthening sad complaint;
What sins corrupt my life? What specks of dark
Eclipse the solar effluence of light?

Harp of the Heart

What earthly passions mar the singing lark?
The gloom of self bedims mine inmost sight;
Discard each aim and soar in ecstasy!
Express myself! I feel not—let me die.

MOONLIGHT

When from the sweet, sweet moonlight
Visions of blissful paradise
Floated across mine infant eyes,
So sweet, so holy was the night.

When through the soft, soft moonlight
Beauty, celestial angel smiled,
Pining for love my soul beguiled,
How soft, how lovely was the night.

Now in this sad, sad moonlight
Sorrow secluded longs to weep,
Virtue dishonored craves for sleep,
How sad, how lonely is the night.

When with the still, still moonlight.
Spirit immortal mine will blend,
Radiant, in harmony sans end,
So still, so heavenly be the night.

A SONG OF SORROW

Sad sorrow, soar to me,
Soar to the tender soul unloved,
Lone spirit to alien lands removed,
And steep her in sleep.

Still sorrow, flit away
Flit from the weeping violets pale,
Flit from the lily's languid sail,
And melt me in sleep.

Soft sorrow, fly away
Fly from the philomel's pensive song,
Fly from the breeze the leaves among,
And lap me in sleep.

Strange sorrow, flow away
Flow from the harp of rippling streams,
Flow from the trance of balmy dreams
And lull me in sleep.

Sullen sorrow float away
Float from the fading evening's glow,
Float from the crystal-flowered bow,
And calm me in sleep.

Solemn sorrow fleet away
Fleet from the spell of glimmering blue
Fleet from the pearls of glistening dew
And charm me in sleep.

Sweet sorrow, soar to me
Soar to this guileless soul unloved
Bright spark too far from Home removed
And sink her in sleep.

ON THE SILVERY SANDS

Speed hence my soul, away; quick wing thy flight
To sea's melodious silver-crested waves
And merge, melt thee into their song that raves
For aye; thence soar on beams of liquid light
Unto the moon to lose in splendour calm
Thyself; dissolve: a spark transcendant white
Incorporate into pure radiance bright,
And when the dawn besprinkles dewy balm
Stream through the gorgeous glory of the sun
And drown, distil into the spicy breeze.
Beauty, Incense, Music—all live and cease
In Spirit eternal, infinite one. . . .
Ah! now to wake from bliss Elysian deep!
Sweet trancing spell, sink, sink me in this sleep.

RAPTURES

Golden fruits and silver flowers,
Rains and dews and misty showers,
Waving verdure, blossomed bowers,
I see, I hear, I know.

Tuneful choir on lightsome wings,
Rippling harps of pearling springs,
Wind that ever laughs and sings,
I hear, I know, I feel.

Incense flung in breezy streams,
Gems full blown in morning beams,
Stars of day, ambrosial dreams,
I know, I feel, I love.

Harp of the Heart

TO —

Kings, lords of realms of wide expanse,
What laurelled names to ages leave,
Fell victims to a transient glance
Forgive a tender soul, forgive.

Soft opes the many-petalled flower
To breezy kisses of the eve,
With rains of nectar fills her bower,
Forgive a fading soul, forgive.

Heaven's self o'erflows with silver smiles,
With welcome doth the moon receive,
The thought of thee my pain beguiles,
Forgive a lonely soul, forgive.

All, all for love the river weeps.
Her heavy heart deep feelings heave,
On ocean's bosom meek she sleeps,
Forgive a failing soul, forgive.

Mild sings the harp in sweet accord,
The same pulsations back to give
Emerging from a kindred chord,
Forgive a wailing soul, forgive.

Atom with atom mingle still
Themselves of burdening love relieve.
In strict obedience to His will
Forgive a human soul, forgive.

A CHILD'S MORALIZING

When I behold the sun
Obscured by darkest cloud
Or when the beauteous moon
Is wrapt in shady shroud :

When I behold the stars
That always glisten bright,
That always shine to fall,
And vanish with their light ;

Or when the fragrant rose
That sweetens all the bower,
That spreads its sweet perfume
To die a withered flower ;

Or when the silvery stream
That winds its crystal way
To freeze to stony ice
Or dry a summer day.

I think that human life
Is fleeting with its toys.
Where Nature's bloom is short
Man can not long rejoice.

IF THOU WISH

If thou wish to kill me, sweet,
Kill me with thine eyes;
Those stars of night like sparks of fire
Shall melt my soul in sighs.

If thou wish to kill me, sweet,
Kill me with thy voice;
Entrance my conscious self in sleep,
In mine sad swoon rejoice.

If thou wish to kill me, sweet,
Kill me with those flowers;
Soft fling them on my restless heart,
They'll pierce like arrow showers.

If thou wish to kill me, sweet,
Kill me with a kiss;
I'll take that poisoned nectar sip,
And taste eternal bliss.

If thou wish to kill me, sweet,
Kill me with thine arms;
Ensnare me in that fatal noose,
And still me in thy charms.

If thou wish to kill me, sweet,
Kill me with thy love;
'Twill bring a surer, speedier death,
A boon from heaven above.

LINES TO THE BREEZE

Blow me, O Breeze, from cursed earth,
Where endless evils get their birth,
Where vicious powers reign supreme,
And naught but riches have their worth.

Blow me away from wranglings rude,
Blow me from unrewarded good,
From this dull gloom of feverish dreams,
Where joy is pain misunderstood.

Blow me from fretful din and dust,
Man's greed for sordid gains that rust,
His crimes, who spills his kindred blood
To quench his own infamous lust.

Blow me away from wicked breath,
From poisonous slander worse than death,
Blow me from transient glory vain
And knowledge that endangers faith.

Blow me from iron rule of fate,
Red-toothed fury, gnawing hate,
From love that keeps the heart aloof,
From vile temptation's sugared bait.

Blow me, O breeze, from passion's sway,
From this atomic ball of clay,
To yon celestial shining star,
Blow me from here, far, far away.

Away from roses wrapt in thorn
That bloom and die unseen, forlorn,
Away from rills that waste in song,
Away from night to glorious morn.

TO A WILD BIRD

Lament not, grieve not, noble bird,
But pour thy liquid notes
Of melody, though none shall hear
Their music as it floats.

Thy crystal numbers smoothly flow
To mine enraptured ear;
Entrancing chants! they claim from me
A sympathetic tear.

I dream of soft Arcadian flutes
Of far-off golden days;
They too, the simple swains of yore
Unheeded piped their lays;

Let not thy tuneful harmonies
Be changed to sad complaints,
Since no vague word of earthly praise
Thy lonely warblings taints;

This busy bustling crowd is dead
To beauteous things sublime;
Ethereal angels vain may hum
Rare hymns of holy chime.

Fill, sprinkle all the woods with charm
Of rich, delicious airs.
Drunk deep with thine nectarine strains,
My soul forgets his cares.

He listens to thy magic lyres,
Whose glory they unveil;
Sing sweetly, sylvan bard of Heaven,
Till all my senses fail.

THE TOMB OF ORPHEUS

Gone those strains that erst could wake
The day from out his cell of rest,
From soft melodious closes make
The rich mosaic of darkening west.

Dead those strains that erst could turn
Or lull the streamlet's whispering flow,
From whom the lark his song would learn
And flowers knew their spice to blow.

Gone, yet grasses over his grave
Dance to a far-off vanished tune
To music's melting charm a slave,
There dreams at night the lonely moon.

Dead, yet over his tomb the rain
Weeps out his soul in silver tears,
Where philomel's sweetly sad refrain
The sobbing calm of midnight hears.

THE LAST PRAYER

Almighty God, Thou Primal Cause,
Sole ruler of the earth and skies,
This world is full of tears and sighs,
To me who ne'er transgressed Thy laws!

No virtue here attains his meed,
The good is linked with misery still,
And conquered by the exulting ill,
In truth, Thy riddle's hard to read.

Harp of the Heart

With faith of childhood's simple mind,
In all thy works I love perceived,
In life beyond the grave believed,
Though reason murmured I was blind ;

Oh, Thou Who art our Father kind,
Who binds us with affection's ties,
Shalt wish not ; when some dear one dies,
That love should weep in vain behind.

Hence, hence for higher life than this
I lived ; my past flew unenjoyed,
All pleasures sweet I did avoid,
Nay, banished self for doubtful bliss.

In charities I spent my wealth,
I soothed the sick, released the poor,
But now, alas, by misery sore
Am forced to feed myself on stealth.

Is this the gain of all my deeds,
Reward of my self-sacrifice,
What promised treacherous hope, I miss,
And naught shall now supply my needs.

O Lord, who wants us to be good
And will not here our acts repay,
Wilt thou thy gift of fruit delay
The flickering virtue's only food ?

Why ! Yet my heart is full of trust,
Somewhere I must my dues receive,
Thou art not likely to deceive
Thy creatures meek since Thou art just.

I care no more to hold my breath,
Perchance I sink in disbelief,
It's better far to seek relief
Ere turn a traitor to one's faith.

Enough! My will to me belongs
Grant me some last sweet word of ease
That fain my shameful course may cease
Before it leads to deeper wrongs.

Forgive the wrongs I may have done,
Till now by dire misfortune presst,
Forgive, forgive my thirst for rest,
Who long this evil race have run.

THE BELLS OF SPRING

Ring the bells, hail the Spring
Now the wintry blasts are o'er,
Days are broadening more and more
Birds on bushes sing and soar.
Swing the bells.

Swing the bells, ring the bells,
Spring his choicest treasure showers.
Scented breezes fan the bowers,
Blossoms gild the leafy towers.
Hail the Spring.

Hail the spring, swing the bells,
Flowers decked with diamond dew,
Roses red and violets blue,
Gaily flaunt in vernal hue,
Ring the bells.

Harp of the Heart

Ring the bells, hail the Spring
At the scarlet flush of day
Cuckoos coo their echoing lay,
Cheering early labourer's way.
 Swing the bells.

Swing the bells, ring the bells
Sweet at eve the brooklets sing
Varied notes in chorus wing,
Welcome to the golden Spring.
 Ring the bells.

THE NATURE LOVER

I like to wander in a grove
 Where darkly close the branches twine,
Where fearless deer and foxes rove,
 And shade themselves the nibbling kine.

I like to see the grazing herds
 That wind their way with lazy feet,
To hear at eve the warbling birds
 Whose music melts in echoes sweet.

I like to lie on grassy bed
 Beside a slowly murmuring pool
Where soft the balmy dews are shed
 And whisper evening breezes cool.

At night in lonely caves I rest
 Where moon bestrews her milky rays,
My lowly life no cares infest
 And swiftly fly my winged days.

Harp of the Heart

I live a life of joy and ease,
Kind nature grants my humble need;
I'll die unknown in perfect peace
A death from transient tears freed.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

Upon a golden couch she lay
O'erspread with mossy velvet green,
While nectar breezes fanned her brows
And shook the blossomed foliage-screen.

Her garb was soft and snowy silk
That rustled with the gentle breeze,
The nightly bird poured forth his soul
In liquid notes his queen to please.

In slumber calm her eyes were sealed
Sweet dreams entranced her beauteous face,
Her dewy locks profuse and curled
Were bathed in flood of silver rays.

Fresh flowers, buds, azure and rose,
In clusters thick begemmed her lair,
Cool, playful fountains leapt and danced
With spray that gleamed in rainbows rare.

Harmonious harps were round her strung
By sylvan deities blithe and fair,
Whose sweetness shamed the siren songs,
And lingering lulled the listening air.

A SLAVE'S LAMENT

Oh moon, that roamest still at large
In broad, expansive skies,
Why lookest thou thus sad and pale?
Thou art not bound in servile ties.

O sea, that roarest still so wild
That foamest white with rage,
What maketh thee thus froth and chafe?
Thou art not coop'd in darksome cage.

O wind, that wailest still in grief
Thy course though wide and free.
Why moanest thou thine heart away?
A restless life's unknown to thee.

PRAYER

When pangs of pain torment my soul
And Fate her poisoned arrow darts,
I feel Adversity's control,
And Love, life's single bliss departs.

When Doubt begins his shade to throw
Then Faith, Oh heavenly angel kind
Shower down ambrosial blooms like snow
With balmy dews to cool my mind.

And for my soul from swoon to save
Thy silken pinions gently wave,
Then light the golden lamp of Hope
That I in darkness may not grope.

Harp of the Heart

PRAYER

Grant me Thy love in flowers seen
That ope their petals to the sun
Thy love in twining creepers green.

Grant me Thy song of surging waves,
Thine harp of purling rills that run
In ripples through the echoing caves.

Grant me Thy peace of twilight-eve,
When day to quiet rest hath spun
And stars their silver meshes weave.

THE SONG

Was thy song a downy dream
That wove a paradise and flew?
Was it a twinkling moonlit stream,
Enchained in leaves impearled in dew?
It wafted sweet in fainting air,
Rustling breezes, where O where!

Was thy song a floral gem
Its silken petals to unfold?
Was it a rosy diadem
That crowned my soul with crystal gold?
It melted sweet in tranced air
Tinkling meteors, where, O where!

Was thy song an incense soft
That glimmered in etherial waves?
Was it yon climbing star aloft,
Whose light the empyrean laves,
It lingers sweet in languished air,
Flickering heart, ah—where O where!

NOWHERE

In twilight let me dream
Of beauty heavenly fair,
Sweet on a saffron beam,
I'll glide away, nowhere.

In moonlight let me dream
Of Love infinite, rare,
Soft on a silver beam,
I'll soar away, nowhere.

In sunlight let me dream
Of Life's own rapturous glare,
Swift on a golden beam
I'll fly away, nowhere.

IN DISGUISE

"The breeze in fitful murmur blows,
The streamlet still sweet-singing goes,
A lily's lily, rose is rose,
Pure love divine in music flows,
A lover reaps what seeds he sows
In lonely cell a prisoner knows."

These strains so soft and sweet that seem to chain
mine ears,

Set free my soul to soar in realms of beauty rare.
Where fountains weep midst flowers melodious
moonlit tears,

Dear minstrel, thou hast given me wings to fly
hence—where!

Harp of the Heart

Ah love! burst, burst my chains, dissolve this fleshy
frame
Unfetter me from self this gloomy charnel
cave,—
Fond memories wan; heart's longings unexpressed,
spent flame!
Am I a prisoner? more: a wilful, wandering
slave!

PSYCHE

She was at dawn plucking roses, roses,
Roses red and roses gold,
Rapt in silk of rustling snow
Like the moon enthralled in a pearly fold.

She was at noon plucking roses, roses
Roses sleeping, sighing soft
Tripping o'er the green below
Like a sunbeam dancing in air aloft.

She was at eve plucking roses, roses
Roses pink and roses white,
Singing strains of love that flow
Like wan-winged breezes on rippling flight.

She was at night plucking roses, roses,
Roses dreaming, smiling bright,
By pure fonts with stars ablow,
Like an angel tranced in a prayer of light.

OUT OF TUNE

A lily on the stream, it rustled and sailed
Soft dew on the lily, they lingered and glowed
Sunbeams on the dew, they purpled and flowed
A void in my heart, it fainted and paled.

A bright star flitted athwart the dark,
The deep, deep dark of the sky.
A white bird darted across the sea
To blue, blue depths with a sigh.

A pure thought floated across my mind
Full higher and higher to fly,
A melody melted through vistas of time
In glory of silence to lie.

An angel I spied—vague yearning I felt—
My soul's own vision for aye,
Love's glamour incarnate, life's far-off sadness
For ever and ever to die.

A stream in the valley, it rippled and rang,
A breeze on the stream, it wafted and wailed.
A petal on the breeze, it flickered and failed
A void in my heart, so listless it sang.

Harp of the Heart

MOONLIGHT

I hear the fountains tinkling
In the garden of the moon;
I hear the jewels jingling
In the whirl of dancing stars.
I hear a faint voice calling,
Sweet strains my sadness mars,
Like dew at eve they're falling
So softly in a swoon.

I see pure blossoms glowing
In the purple fields above.
A crystal river flowing
To a sapphire-coloured sea.
I see an angel dreaming
In tears and silently
Her breezy sighs are streaming
With overflowing love.

I feel a lull of langour,
In the song of silence die,
A far-off pensive clangour
Of a lonely heart that yearns;
I feel her silver glances,
My soul with beauty burns,
I smile in blissful trances
And weep in ecstasy.

BEYOND

A song of stars beyond the sea,
The waves are blossomed on their crest.
They lisp a lingering melody
And lull their heaving hearts to rest.

Harp of the Heart

A realm of flowers beyond the stars,
That sprinkle breezy-twinkling pearls,
And fling auroral balm that mars
Quick Fancy with light, sparkling curls.

A world of dreams beyond sweet flowers
Where angels sail on silver beams,
Their harps dissolve in twinkling showers
Of golden rain that faint in streams.

Beyond all worlds the thrill of love,
The joy of life distilled in flame
Of radiant music from above,
Ethereal liberty sans name.

WHEN IN THE FADING HOURS OF EVE

When in the fading hours of eve
The fiery sun hath sunk in sleep,
Their work the weary labourers leave,
And when the helpless, lonely weep,

When soft the pearly dew drops do fall,
The snow-white daisy shuts her eye,
The warbling birds are silent all,
And silver stars adorn the sky.

When speckled owl is hooting low
And flickering glow-worms dart their light,
When smoothly glides the streamlet slow,
And foxes hail the coming night.

Oh, then how sweet it is to gaze
Upon that endless star-set blue.
To learn to scorn the worldly craze,
To think of heavenly peace anew.

AN INDIAN LOVER'S LAMENT

Shower forth, O beauteous scenes your charm
Ye verdant hills with cooling shades,
No more you feast my wandering eyes
That drink not calm from lonely glades.

Oh, rapturous coil that pourest forth
Melodious notes with careless ease.
How ill thy songs would match with those
Immortal strains too sweet to please.

Thou snowy swan with silver wings
That glideth lightly in the lake,
Who taught thee this thy sylphic gait,
But she of soft, Shirisha make.

Thou, misty moon with pallid face
Shed down thy gold with langour fraught
Thou canst not ape her fairer looks,
When deep immersed in pensive thought.

Dew-dripping lotus, lovely wan,
Rough image of her glistening eye,
When rich beset with diamond tears
With that sapphire thou canst not vie.

Thou nectar-oozing, fragrant breeze
That bloweth stilly, slyly by,
Unwise of thee to steal those sweets
Thick treasured in her breath that lie.

Bright like a meteor she shone,
But swifter far away she's flown.
It's better now in death to rest
Than lead a weary life alone.

A THUNDERSTORM

See! the sable clouds are lowering,
Hark the thunder's distant roaring,
Drop by drop the rain is pouring
From the slowly darkening sky.

Now the furious blasts are brawling,
Thick and fast the showers falling,
To and fro the trees are rolling,
Wrinkled leaves are tossed away.

Peal on peal the thunder's crashing,
Bright and swift the levin flashing,
Shower on shower the rains are lashing
'Gainst the constant oozing panes.

Brighter still the lightning's glowing,
Fiercer still the blasts are blowing,
Wild with foam the cataracts flowing,
Rushing down the noisy dales.

Now the storm is slow subsiding,
Silver streams are softly gliding,
Snowy cascades smoothly sliding
Down the rocky verdant slopes.

Sweet's the showery fragrance spreading,
Sparkling leaves last drops are shedding;
Playful pools in rings eddying,
Skies a cloudless dome azure.

Lo! the rainbow-colors shining,
Red with gold and blue combining,
Languid arch in peace reclining
On the arms of emerald earth.

A LOVER'S LAMENT

The distant rivers meet, my love,
The night and moon rejoin.
The parted lovers greet, my love
But ne'er shalt thou return.

Like buds that bloom to fade, my love,
Or notes that charm to melt,
Like stars that glow to fall, my love,
Thy life was fleeting bright.

Still like a mate-reft bird, my love,
I fruitless mourn my loss,
As when some lonely cloud, my love,
Bewails the lightning's flight.

The rose to me looks fairer, love,
The moon doth brighter shine,
The cuckoo's notes seem sweeter, love.
Since thou hast left this world.

But vain the cuckoo sings, my love,
The moon her splendour sheds,
In vain the roses smile, my love
To heal a heart that bleeds.

The nursling trees shall weep, my love,
And fell their flowery tears,
But I must ever pine, my love,
Who find no rest in sleep.

In dreams, I see thy form, my love,
In perfect beauty bloom,
But then the breaking day, my love,
Reveals the woeful truth.

A CITY NIGHT PEACE

The night is hushed, the moon is up,
The stars are on their work intent,
All lights are out and perfect calm
Is by some steamy whistle rent.

The distant bark, the striking clock,
The screeching owl, the rattling car,
That borne upon the lonely air
The dreary midnight stillness mar.

The aged watchman walks his rounds,
With cautious, measured footsteps slow,
And oft disturbs the silent night
With clanking stick and hummings low.

The air is cool, all life's asleep,
The stilly, rustling shady trees,
Dim lighted by the lunar rays,
Are waving soft and whispering "peace."

OUT FROM THE HEART

Out, out from the heart,
Thou flame unknown;
Float, float on streams,
Melt, melt in dreams
Of starlit beams;
Ease, ease the wilful smart,
No more my life I own.

Harp of the Heart

Out, out from the soul,
Thou light unknown;
Sing, sing in dews,
Weep, weep in hues,
Rainbow bestrews.
Rend, rend the veiled goal,
No more my life I own.

Out, out from this love
Thou felt, unknown;
Quench, quench the sun,
Soar, soar from one
Till infinite's won,
Bright worlds wax dark above;
No more my death I own.

BEAMS OF LIGHT

Sunbeams, sunbeams,
Fling your liquid music
In a golden rain;
Drown, drown in floods
Of rosy buds,
Beauty sighing sweet with pain,
Beauty weeping e'er in vain.

Moonbeams, moonbeams,
Pour your foamy incense
In a sparkling breeze;
Crown, crown with pearls
Black, blossomed curls,
Beauty smiling sad in peace,
Beauty dreaming e'er of bliss.

Harp of the Heart

Starbeams, starbeams,
Shower your streaming silver
In a silken wreath;
Lave, lave in light,
Pure limbs so white,
Beauty sleeping, soft of breath,
Beauty, swooning e'er to death.

TO SHELLEY

Sweet minstrel, thou, that cleared ethereal climes
On ærial wings of song still soaring high
In rapture like thy lark; wouldst yearn and sigh
For light undimmed, afar, in ling'ring rhymes,—
The fount whence splendour floweth for all times,
And love bursts soft in purest dreams that vie
Rich liquid jewels, change their tints and die.
Thou warbler wild of mad harmonious chimes!
Thou sad Alastor pining e'er in vain
For Beauty's soul in calm of starlit sky,
Where oft thy wayward Fancy erst would fly,
To tears unshed dissolve with easeful pain!
Who shirks the lofty langour of thy strain?
The wistful heart shall weep and list not why.

LATE MOONRISE

Can you hear the angels sing,
Sigh and sing, sing and cease?
When the moon's dim, waning ring
Rises pale on silvered seas,
And the sad, soft breezes wing
In faint langourous melodies.
From faraway bright visions spring,
The yearning soul from sleep release,
Till rapt in light away she fling
All life and death's eternities,—
How the wistful billows swing!
When sweet streams of rippling breeze,
Pensive, weary, lingering,
Fade in moonlit realms of peace;
Can you hear the angels sing,
Sigh and sing, sing and cease?

A GLIMPSE

I lie a-dreaming, dreaming, dreaming,
In a canopy of rustling breeze,
Flecked rich with sun-shafts golden bright,
Sweet blood of roses, gleaming, gleaming.
Snow blossoms silver on the trees,
Noon weaves a purple dome of night.

Soft silence sighs a-beaming, beaming,
In a sleep of dewy melodies,
Pale, flame-apparelled stars alight
With flutes of pearl a-streaming, streaming,
In ancient strains that swell and cease,
And ope the inmost gates of light.

VISTAS OF DREAMS

Through dewy vistas of flowery dreams
Glide, glide to me in the drowsy night,
My Love.

Robed in liliated splendour white;
Breathe, breathe a kiss
Of sweet vernal bliss
And move,
To music soft sleep's quiet streams
Through odourous vistas of breezy dreams.

Through etherial vistas of moonlit dreams,
Float, float to me in the silent night,
My Love.

Decked in starry blossoms bright,
Waft, waft a sigh,
From the pearl-pure sky
Above.

Embower my soul in Orient beams,
Through auroral vistas of crystal dreams.

SYMBOLS

The full moon's silvery orb above,
From his starlit mansion blue,
Upon a quiet, crystal stream
His perfect image threw.
When a wind o'erswept the streamlet
And the image flickered and flew.

A lily floated down the stream
On an emerald leaf, and wide,
It wafted smoothly with the flow,
Serene and slow to glide,
When a breeze o'erset the lily
That was borne away by the tide.

Harp of the Heart

A rose o'erhung a lonely thorn
By the rivulet's rim that grew,
It swung its rosy head and sweet
Impearled in limpid dew.
But the liquid dew was shaken,
When a breath from the zephyr blew.

"Restrain, mine eyes, your gushing tears,
Restrain, oh heart, thine idle fears;
He's dear unto me as that lark's sweet lay,
He's true unto me as yon orient day."

AFTER-GLOW

A Suggestion from a Landscape Picture

Thus soft the burning day hath sunk to rest,
The last, faint streaks of lingering after-glow
Are fading fast away; the cowherd slow
His sluggish oxen drives in the grey mist,
That fills the vale with gloom from east to west;
E're deepening darkness thickens in its flow,
The peasant to his lowly cot must go,
His peaceful dwelling with contentment blessed,
Where anxious hearts perchance his steps await;
Oh, how I wish to lead thy rustic life,
Far from the noisy din of bustling town
To do thy work, oh gentle herd, till late
Into the evening calm; still free from strife
In nature's charms my simple cares I'll drown.

RECONCILIATION SWEET

No more, no more let painful memories last
And willingly forget the misty past;
Doth not the parting sun who wheels his fiery way
Returning, greet the rosy smiling day?

No more a glance o'er far-off wrongs be cast
And lovingly forgive the gloomy past;
Doth not the paly moon repenting of her flight
With silver kisses welcome back the night?

From thy sad heart let bitter feelings fade
Fresh blooms of love let blossom in their stead;
Doth not insensate nature melt her shroud of snow
To deck herself in garb of vernal glow?

May showers of joy wash out the ills of yore,
Love's golden chain bind us for evermore;
Like tender hues of rainbow when the rain is o'er
Our souls in harmony blent, heavenward shall soar.

THE POET'S EMOTIONS

He saw the vale with flowers crowned,
He heard soft streamlet's whispering sound,
In bees' melodious murmur drowned,
And thrilled for joy, he knew not why.

He saw the twilight's orange glow,
He heard the breezes rustling low,
The birds' sweet farewells fainter grow,
And wiped a tear, he knew not why.

He saw the full moon burning bright
With rays of quiet silver light,
O'er drowsy stillness of the night
And sighed for peace, he knew not why.

A REQUIEM

No more for thee the pangs of woe,
No more to toil for fleeting gain,
Full freed from painful blows of fate,
Rest calmly safe from sun and rain.

No more for thee this worldly strife
No soothing word of parting friend
Will dim thine eyes; no tears to shed,
No ills to bear or wrongs to mend.

Dew-laden flowers shall deck thy tomb,
Sad birds shall tune their mourning lays,
And fondly will those sobbing stars
Shower blessings with their brightest rays.

The thick-grown grass will be thy bed,
Dame Nature kind, so fresh and fair
Will serve thee with her generous heart
And tend thee with maternal care.

Soft be thy sleep untroubled, deep,
Sweet be thy holy rest in peace,
Bright be thy life, if life there be
For saints like thee that shine and cease.

THE PROFANED SHRINE

Not love; call it not love that seeks his end
In brutal pleasure; passion worse his name;
He's fleet, inconstant, false; is born of shame;
Can love be slighted, made to sell or lend?
E'en love that serves two human lives to blend,
By poet's praise immortalized in fame,
Is weak, self-centred, narrow in his aim;
Nay, man is man even higher to ascend.

Virtue, Beauty are sparks of Him as seen
In idols of our heart; pure Love serene
Aspires and faints in worship for the Soul,
Not form; silence his song, sad tears have been
His balm; visions of bliss in glory roll
And peace; ah; holier . . . feel—unfeel His
Goal.

LIFE'S FOOD

If Music's melting voice and sweet
Should cease to soothe our daily cares,
Should vesper's tuneful wingèd choir
Cease chanting notes of melody rare,
Or rills their dreamy murmur cease,
Then let my hold on life release.

If Sunset's parting saffron beams,
Should cease to paint the silken sky,
With fading hues of tender glow;
Should flowers cease the meads to dye
Or rays of smiling moon to greet,
Then let me leave this world unsweet.

Harp of the Heart

Should Sleep, the priceless gift of Heaven,
Withhold her morphic charm of rest,
Her dewy balm of soft repose
From weary toil or woe oppressed,
Should pain e'er fail to end in peace,
Then let me seek elsewhere mine ease.

TRANSIENCE

Twinkle, twinkle silver star,
Twinkle in yon heavenly blue,
Ere vaporous clouds thy splendour mar
And thou must vanish with thy light.

Warble, warble charming bird,
Warble in thy leafy grove,
Ere notes so gay with pain be stirred,
And thou must leave this summer bright.

Tremble, tremble fragrant flower,
Tremble gaily on the thorn,
Ere thou wilt quit thy lovely bower,
And sadly weep away to-night.

THE ALLEGORY

High, high to Heaven the prayer streams
From infant souls untouched by sin,
But Beauty's purer virgin beams,
Draws holier psalms from depths within.

Ethereal bard that soars and sings
With rapture at the gates of morn
In vain melodious notes he flings,
Would lull the lily's charms unborn.

Harp of the Heart

Languid splendor breaking far,
Through liquid crystals of the rain,
Could never vie Love's pensive star,
That turns the poet's dream to pain.

Entrancing sweet the breeze that flows,
From rustling rose with petals soft,
But nearer far the eye that glows
With peace, to moon that smiles aloft.

Nay: words like these are vague and dim
For heart that could no spark reveal
Of nectar bubbling to the brim,
The heart whose hope is but to feel.

Eternal round of life and death,
Unmeaning deeds of crowd appall,
The poet knows its idle breath,
And Love is still the end of all.

TO —

Psyche harped from night till morn
Beside the vast, deep sea of Life;
What was the burthen of her song?
"Helene, Helene pure as dawn!"

Psyche harped from morn till night
Beside the vast deep sea of Life;
What was the burthen of her song?
"Helene, Helene dear as light!"

Psyche plunged in the sea of Love,
What's the dirge the breakers sing?
What's the knell the starbells ring?
"Helene, Helene sweet as Death!"

HEART-YEARNINGS

Burst forth mine heart in jewelled spice of flowers,
And fling aureoles melodious to the skies,
Burn bright in Orient song that never dies,
Soar high in founts of gold, ambrosial showers
And flood with rich mosaic all Heavenly bowers;
Stream out in stars of dew, sweet balm of sighs,
Or flow in silent crystal harmonies
To melt in visions soft by sapphire shores.

Can this, frail heart, unveil that glorious light,
Eternal beauty, music infinite,
Thine aspirations calm, thy cravings vain?
Rave, weep thy fill; thou canst not change the
 night;
Nor grasp the truth thou bleedest thus to gain!
A deeper strain but breeds a heavier pain.

AURORA

What's this incense failing, failing,
In a drowsy noon?
It's a melody sailing, sailing,
Breezy vision paling, paling,
From the silver moon.

What's this crystal tinkling, tinkling,
In a golden haze?
It's a spring close mingling, mingling,
Dewy rainbows twinkling, twinkling
In a floral blaze.

Harp of the Heart

What's this ocean dreaming, dreaming,
In a boundless space?
It's dim ether gleaming, gleaming,
Starry gossamers streaming, streaming,
In a listless race.

What's this halo trailing, trailing
Wreaths of purpling spray?
It's faint memory hailing, hailing
Time's dull murmur veiling, veiling,
With a pearly ray.

What's this life sweet waning, waning,
In a sleep of bliss?
It's a love soft raining, raining,
Soul's infinite straining, straining
Through an angel's kiss.

CHANGED

Here in this leafy bower
Where we were wont to meet,
I muse alone in darkness,
That thus our love should fleet;
That man a heavenly gift
Should ever so lightly treat!
How once the birds sang merrily
Their welcome chant to thee.
Our love the trees soft whispered
To the loud betraying bee,
Then swung the clustering flowers
In tender sympathy,
And danced the sparkling fountains
In overflowing glee.

Harp of the Heart

I dreamt not that a maiden
Like thee so sweet and coy
Should fling her love God gi'en,
As a child some loathed toy.
But now the birds no longer
Pour forth a joyous strain,
The trees but sigh in sadness,
Wild wails the bee in vain;
Alas, the flowers drooping
Now tremble in their pain
And fountains weep profusely
In showers of limpid rain.
The heart that once was kindled,
Is shaded with a gloom.
A maiden's love is faithless,
That dazzled in its bloom.

I FEEL A PAIN

I feel a pain, I know not how,
Since thou didst bend soft eyes on me,
I was once gay, but gloomy now.

I feel a pain, I know not why,
Since thou didst fell bright eyes on me,
Mine heart was light, sad now I sigh.

I feel a pain, I know not what,
Since thou didst fling wild eyes on me,
I live a life but feel it not.

I feel a pain, I cannot weep,
My soul hath found her soul in thee,
I live in death, I wake in sleep.

Harp of the Heart

This dust that chains this bleeding soul,
That burns to feel all one with thee,
I shake away—cease; be the whole.

DISINTERESTED SERVICE

With ruby lips the morning smiles to cheer
Our hearts; melodious notes the birds outpour,
As merrily from tree to tree they soar,
The crystal dew on foliage sparkle clear,
Fresh-petalled gems their clustering splendour rear,
And forth their treasured balmy fragrance shower;
For us yon Phoebus opes his Orient door
And rolls his golden wheel in bright career;
But neither he nor scented flowers sweet,
The dew-besprinkled leaves or charming morn
Delight our senses hoping for return;
Then why should I, O God, profane my feet,
In empty prayers of greed unholy born?
Uplift my soul with love's pure flame to burn!

WON

I heard a strain, a mellow strain
Swept lightly by a siren mild,
Singing sweet in silver rain,
The harp was still, mine heart grew wild.

I breathed a balm, a nectar balm,
Flung by a floral sylph in dew,
Lulling all my sense to calm
The fragrance failed, my spirit flew.

Harp of the Heart

I saw a dream, a beauteous dream,
An angel sailed the crescent moon,
Ploughed with gold a sapphire stream,
The vision passed, I fell aswoon.

I found a love, a lonely love,
A sylvan nymph entranced my soul,
Sprinkling silence through her grove
I pined for her, and clasped the whole.

A FRAGMENT

Thy face is the moon without her spot,
Thy cheeks are roses sans their thorns;
Ne'er fading violets are thine eyes,
Ambrosial zephyrs are thy sighs;
Thy smiles are cloudless beaming morns,
Thyself an angel, vainly sought.

MY TEAR

I shed a tear, a tear of joy,
I found it in the dews that shone
On waving grasses, green and coy.

I dropped a tear, a tear of pain,
The jasmins bloomed and on their balm,
I saw my tear in beads of rain.

I wept a tear, a tear of love,
My tear became a budding rose,
And smiled full sweetly in the grove.

I wiped a tear, a tear of bliss,
My tear turned out a star of light,
Whose peaceful glow I ne'er could miss.

THE TEMPLE-BELLS

How sweet these bells were wont to ring
That now bright days of childhood bring
 To memory dear,
 A heart grown sere,
When faith was love fore'er to cling.

Innocence then was soul's delight,
And instinct virtue's guiding light;—
 At each soft strain
 Of anthem's wane,
Then tears flowed down like dews at night.

How calm on light, melodious wings,
I sailed to Heaven's ambrosial springs,
 And saw pure streams,
 In silver beams,
Where angels sang on floral swings.

I heard still music from afar,
Of psalms from yon lone-twinkling star,
 And felt in sleep,
 Ethereal deep,
Whose radiant swell no space could mar.

Now all my days with pain are rife,
No good accrues from ceaseless strife,
 Sweet, lin—lan—lone,
 Hope's lingering tone,
On dying faith revive a life.

Ring, mingle in melodious rain,
Harmonious bells to peal in vain!
 A dawning light,
 My heart is bright,
Am I to be a child again!

THE UNIVERSAL ANTHEM

Eternity is singing
Infinity's praise,
Heavens and worlds are swinging,
Raise thy chorus, raise.

Spirit's all-pervading
(While swift æons fly)
Dust to dust still spreading,
Nay, thou shalt not die.

Instinct, inspiration,
Rapture, ecstasy,
Love, are life in motion,
Soul from bondage free.

Trust in revelations,
(Science a crooked way)
Thrills, divine pulsations,
For the immortal aye.

Universal glory
Flows from unit's core.
Space and time a story
Soar in anthem, soar.

THOU ART WEeping STILL

The lucid dawn is breaking,
The rosy sun is decking
The tree-tops softly shaking,
But thou art weeping still.

In sun the dew-drops glittering,
In breeze the leaves are fluttering,
In joy the bees are muttering,
But thou art weeping still.

The birds are sweetly singing,
The fountains skyward springing,
Melodious bells are ringing,
But thou art weeping still.

At ease the streamlet's gliding,
Blue clouds the moon is riding,
In peace the world's abiding,
But thou art weeping still.

And thus the birds shall sing,
And ever the lavish spring
His floral treasures fling,
Though thou be weeping still.

LINES TO MUSIC

Dear Heavenly angel, empress of the soul,
How oft thy mild enchanting touch hath soothed
The aching heart and cooled the fevered mind ;
Thy soft melodious notes like dewy showers,
Are shed upon the weary and the sick ;
Thy honied strains that rise and faint away
Can calm the wild uproarious ocean's rage,
Or check the fiery chariot of the sun ;
Thy varied tunes in unique harmony blent,
Intoxicate the soul with joy divine,
And steep the spirit in Elysian balm ;
The musing mind is sunk in deep repose,
The slumbering eye is wrapt in peaceful sleep,
At thy command the mournful heart doth melt
In willing tears still pleasing in their pain :
Most golden dreams of perfect bliss we owe,
Oh music sweet, to magic charm of thine.

THE PIPER

The piper piped at evenfall,
(The stream sped murmuring by),
He piped a tune, the all in all
Of worlds that live and die.

The piper piped at dead of night,
(The stream slept smiling by)
He piped a strain that waned in light,
Of long-lost dreams on high.

The piper piped at break of dawn,
(The stream fled sobbing by)
He piped a chant for souls forlorn,
And ended with a sigh.

THE LULLED OAR

The song is still:
A fainting star is floating
In the sky above;
I've drunk my fill:
Mine heavy heart is doting
On a sigh of love.

The song is still;
A languid breeze is sprinkling,
Kisses soft and pure;
I've drunk my fill!
The world's sad knell is tinkling
Through this dome azure.

The song is still:
A paly ripple's sailing
On the sea below;
I've drunk my fill:
My life for love is failing,
Sweet, my breath falls slow.

The song is still:
A weary music's breaking
From the trance alone;
I've drunk my fill:
A swooning soul is shaking
Life and death in one.

REQUIESCAT

Sprinkle roses, blooming roses,
Her soul hath found her rest above,
Fill with rainbow sheen her bed,
Hers who lived for love.

Sprinkle violets, dewy violets,
Her soul hath found her peace above,
Deck with paly blue her shroud,
Hers who died for love.

Sprinkle lilies, milky lilies,
Her soul hath found her life above,
Crown with purest light her grave,
Hers who died of love.

A WRINKLED SCROLL

Long, long before the flood
Of Space into the still Unknown,
When this world was gray with childhood,
And joy shed tears of moan,
Long, long ago. . . .
When the white Moon burning lay
And the lonely Sun in snow
Poured quiet on the day,
Far, far away,
Her dreamy looks were lighted
At flaming Love's deep sigh,
On Time's sad whirl and slow,
Betwixt the Earth and Sky
Far, far away, . . .

Harp of the Heart

When life was pale and blighted
With Beauty's breath to die,
When Song was waning languid low,
Calm, loftier heights to fly,
Long, long ago, . . .
When light was fainting dim on high,
Through all the wide, wide Aye,
Her weary looks were sighted,
Far, far away,
Vaguely wistful thus to glow
Strangely listless thus to flow
In peace, this pining Soul to slay
The How, the Where, the When, the Why
Of the Immortal One astray,
Far, far away,
Long, long ago.

TO A SIREN

Thy sweet, sad voice soars high aloft,
To wreath a garland of those stars,
Then burst in dews, in pearls so soft—
The music of the spheres jars.

Yon Cynthia furls her crystal sail,
Faints in a paly silken swoon,
From depths azure a dimmer wail,
In dreams melodious veils the moon.

Fair Venus weeps in tears untold,
Pours sad calm silver songs in rain,
"Love, love divine to them unfold,
Who melt their yearning hearts in pain."

Harp of the Heart

Queen Angel of etherial realms,
In still infinity that sleep,
Thy strain with magic overwhelms
And lulls her in a langour deep.

My soul a smouldering spark of light
Eternal, one, the sea of life
Laves in a far-off splendour bright
Unconscious, freed from time and strife.

THE BROKEN HARP

What though the harp be broken? ✓
The strains so lightly swept will fleet
To Heaven in aerial trances sweet.
Ah! let the harp be broken.

What though the rose be shaken?
The incense swung around will beam
In Heaven a still ambrosial stream.
Oh! let the rose be shaken.

What though the heart be broken?
The sad pure sigh that's heaved so deep,
In Heaven will pearly crystals weep,
Ah! let the heart be broken.

What though this life be shaken?
The stainless soul in virtue bred,
In hallowed light to Heaven be sped,
Ah! let this life be shaken.

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